



Dr. Nephthys was a stuffed duck. the low number is a day length when on humanity

ktao: its guide forty five

for the period December

31, 1970, to January 6, 1971.

This guide is one of five hundred which are sent out each week to those who support this cooperative, amateur, volunteer, linear broadcast operation. The rate is \$15 a year, and \$7.50 for nine months, and \$1 for a month. Votive offerings should be sent to KTAO, 5 University Ave, Los Gatos 95030. Our telephone number is FLan 4-6622.

KTAO is on the air almost all the time --- with classical and ethnic and jazz in the morning, jazz and classical and folk and blues in the afternoons, and rock after 6 or so. There are talk programs at 11 am, and sometimes in the evenings. The transmitter for the station is located high on the San Andreas Fault overlooking the sand-based tract homes of Santa Clara County. From 1900 feet, the sun (our signal) penetrates the junk-yards, shopping wastelands, and asphalt nightmares all the way to the

south edge of Oakland and South San Francisco. The signal is in stereo, the fidelity is high, and the programming is delicious. Why have you let your subscription lapse?

The Following Nice Advertisers help keep KTAO out of the hole, and we suggest that if you need what they can give you, that you let them know that they are nice to be so doing: Atwood Photography and Gallery of Los Gatos. The Barber Shop of Palo Alto. Buckos of Palo Alto. The Brown Paper Bag of Palo Alto. Christanada Natural Foods of San Jose. The Consumer's Cooperative of Palo Alto, Menlo Park, Mountain View, and Sunnyvale. De Martini Orchards of Los Altos. Discount Records of San Jose and Menlo Park. The Electric Poppy of San Jose. Ford's Gallery of Pants of Santa Cruz. The Ford Motor Car Company of Detroit. Goodge Maintenance of Los Gatos. Gryphon Stringed Instruments of Palo Alto. The Highlands Inn of Carmel. The Import Botique of San Jose. Kirkwood Volks-



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so happy and free? The children so dear that I

cot-ton-fields a-way; Gonna go to a bet-ter land, I know,
 friends come not a-gain? Gonna go now de-part-ed long a-go,
 held up-on my knee? Gonna go where my soul has longed to go,

I hear their gen-tle sing, "Old Black Joe!"

D.S.—I hear those gen-tle sing, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS. D.S.

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing For my head is bend-ing low;

wagen of Campbell. The Dutch Goose (Steam Beer!) of Menlo Park. Memorex Tapes of Palo Alto. Fat City Guitars of Los Gatos. Magnetic Tape Distributors of Palo Alto. The Leaf & Petal Botique of Palo Alto. The Leather Works of Palo Alto. The Los Gatos Times Observer. Malcolm's Mac & Stash of Saratoga. Mozart Volkswagen of Palo Alto. Marvin Homcare Products of Los Gatos. The Natural Food Store of Santa Cruz. Old Possum Natural Foods of San Jose. The Organ of San Francisco. The Pantry of Los Gatos. The San Jose Red Eye. Roberts Books of San Jose. Saeeda's of Palo Alto...no,no,no: of Los Altos. The Sound Expression of San Jose. The Sweater Shawp of Los Gatos. The Slipped Disc of Campbell. The Treasure Trunk of San Jose. Time Magazine of New York. Toyota of Palo Alto. The Tape Joint of San Jose. Underground Records of San Jose. The Walden Pond Bookstore of Old Town, Los Gatos (Hi, Dawn!) Yin Yang Waterbeds of San Jose. And, for orgies, Happi Pillows of San Jose.* Note: Bank of America turned down an opportunity to advertise with us. The copy started out with the sound of crackling flames. Fadedown to Announcer: "Bank of America. With branches in San Jose, Campbell, Cupertino, Saratoga, Palo Alto, Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, and...sometimes (here fade up sound of crackling)...in Isla Vista, California. (Up, and out.)" They turned us down flat. Without a whimper. Strange.

Jeremy likes to say that he has 'trained' his audience. What he means by that is that the people who listen to KDNA have a sense of availability. They know the station is ~~with~~ out doors: that if someone good or important or interesting --- they can take that person over to 4285 Olive Street and go on the air with them: to talk about the Food Stamp Program, or Urban Renewal, or the History of St. Louis, or about growing old. And those who are listening know that anytime of the day or

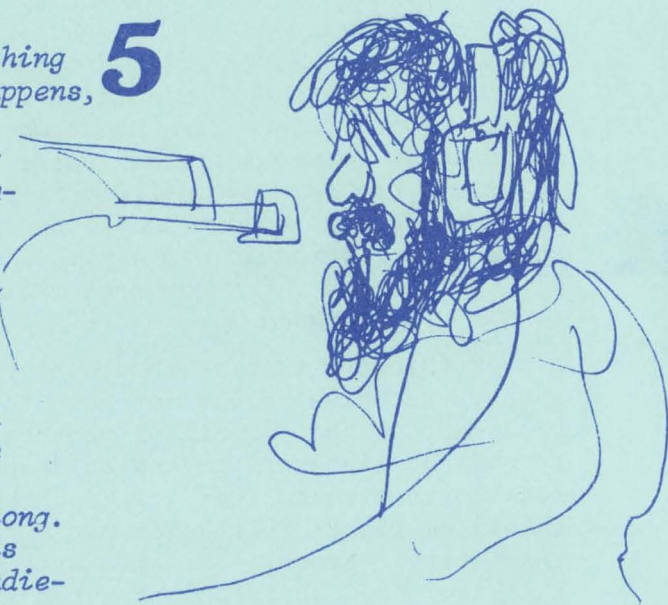
night if something
good or bad happens,
or if they
hear something
that needs com-
menting on:

5

then the tele-
phone is open.
What it is is
funneling all
the machinery
of communica-
tions into the
transmitter...
where they belong.
What it does is
to make the audie-
nce the program

participant. And not in
the noxious, trivia-stirring way cultivated
by the usual telephone call-in programs on the dow-
dy commercial stations --- but rather with intell-
igence, with challenge, with artistry. The trans-
mission becomes a continuum of the sound of men in-
teracting with each other. They speak and fight
and laugh and play music: and the aether is carry-
ing them along, a river of sound roiling down the
hallways of our days.

American broadcasters --- especially those big AM
and Television money-sucking cretins --- are afraid
of their audience. The people out there, the mass
that they woo to buy their wares, to manipulate, to
move to part with their precious money and time:
the mass of these people terrorize the broadcaster.
Once I went to visit the president of The King
Broadcasting Co., in Seattle. Owner of nine AM,
FM, and Television stations --- plus CATV systems
and an occasional magazine or so --- I expected to
find the head, the fount, the director of this com-
plex in the midst of a maelstrom of people, of loud-
speakers and memoranda coming and going, of inter-
nal television screens blinking and flashing; of
telephones ringing and intercoms ratcheting.



No. It wasn't so. That master of a twenty-five million dollar broadcasting and publishing complex sat in a barren room, with a barren desk, and barren walls. In that room, lit as it was with fluorescent lights (there were no windows: no sunlight or earth or leaves intruded) there were no sounds ---except his own monosyllabic responses to my impassioned pleas, my own shufflings and chair-squeeks as I tried to get him to loan me the leg of one tower on which to perch a bird of an antenna. (He refused.)

I kept thinking that it should be right: that a busy executive should not have to be forced to be a part of the turmoil of broadcasting, and the turmoil of listeners trying so desperately to talk back to the transmitter. I kept thinking that it should be right: this quiet man's isolation, his insularity. Executives, like wise men (I kept thinking) need an island of quiet in which to create impressive directives, and directions. And why should he care for the sun, much less the artificial sun of a television screen setting at the edge of the pale ocre walls all around him. Why should he subject himself to the voices and fears and desires of the 4 million people who would see his transmissions, I thought.

What he was doing (I thought then, I know now) --- what he was doing was expressing a clear dislike for the process of transmission. Like most broadcast executives, he had no affection for the act of emission of words and pictures and ideas. He --- a sensitive man, unlike most of the trogdolytes who own and operate radio-tv stations in this country --- had no need or interest or concern for the four million out there. The four million who have incredible needs and desires to purvey their own desires and actions and words: who want so desperately to talk back to the transmitter. Like most broadcast moguls (he, again, more kindly than most) he choose to say "Leave me alone. I'll do all the transmitting." And no-one, least of all me, could return the favor.

There are some grave disadvantages to broadcasters who open the doors, who say come by and look at us so we can look at you. Sometimes it is the sheer press: so that some Saturday afternoons when Hugh has another ale and warms to the music and invites everyone to come see the Scots Pipers playing live, there may be 25 people stuffed in our two miniscule rooms. Jammed in so we are bouncing and scratching all together. Sometimes you think "Goddammit. Stop bothering us. Go away." And still the fisheyes peer through the double panes, and you think you shouldn't be so selfish of the transmission process.

And then there are the long-haired wunderkind so fascinated by the technology of it all, and they peer silently, and then smile sweetly, and

7



1 I wish I was in de land ob cot ton, Old times dar am not for got-ten, Look a
 2 Old Mis sus mar ry Will, de wea-ber, Will-um was a gay de-cea-ber; Look a
 3 His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea ber. But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land and whar I was born in,
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land at his arm a round'er He
 way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land ed the fool-ish part, And

Ear-ly on one from look a way! Dix ie Land
 smiled as fierce as a look a way! Dix ie Land
 died for a mar a way! Dix ie Land

CHORUS

Den I wish I was and To tib and die in

Dix-ie a way a way a way down A way down south in Dix-ie

ask if they can smoke, and you know they don't mean cigarettes, and you get red in the face, and tell them to take their filthy eastern ways elsewhere, and then you feel bad because law and order makes you a policeman, which you don't want to be --- and all they are trying to do in their freshfaced way, is contribute to the delinquency of a major. And who knows the penalty for that?

And finally there are the weirdos, like the guy in the leather vest who came in last week. The guy with eyes as sharp as fear, with his briefcase --- regaling you with stories of his power and persuasion. He wanted to sell for us, and he had a daisy in his hair. And as he regaled us with his stories, open briefcase at his feet, BillWade leaned forward and saw a '38 ("It was a real one," he said later) and the word got around, and the guy started talking Agnews, and all the people who ganged up on him, had him put away in Agnews, and how he wasn't crazy, he wasn't crazy. He kept saying that.

And so there was quite a bit of silence, and then he picked up some rate sheets, and said he was going to sell for us, and I had a moments though about how with that '38 automatic, he'd probably be a damned good salesman, and we always needed revenue. But I swallowed



A VASE OR A FACE? ☐ V ☐ F

8

twice, and said that I'd really rather he didn't sell for us, and he looked at me, his eyes so sharp, he looked at me for 10 or 12 years or so, and then he said (cheerily) "OK, brother" and picked up a pair of scis-

sors, and lurched at me (scissors so bright and sprung out in front of him) and lurched past me, and into the bathroom, saying...singing, really "I'm going to trim my beard." And he did.

A few eons later, when he finally left ("If you find my Fresca," he said: "Save it for me.") and I thought to myself: "We really ought to restrict the traffic in this place. We really should." And then I thought: "But how are we going to know who is being denied the access to the process of transmission? And who,"

I thought "Is not going to be hurt by that?"

PROGRAMS: DECEMBER THURTYONE TO JANUARY SIX, 1971.

THURSDAY, DEC 31

11 AM Kelly's Poetry Program Live from Studio X.

11:30 Aunty Cese Interviews: The Mudge Kids, founders of Mudge Flats, Ga.

NOON The Associated Students of the Univ of Oregon Present Racism. Program #6 from KBOO, In Portland, as prepared by Al Schwartz...with Chas. Evers, David Sanchez, Kent Ford, John Trudell, Ellen Bepp.

1 PM Dr Kathleen Gough-Aberly on the anthropology of Women's Liberation (she taught anthropology at Simon Frazier (Vancouver, BC) before getting fired.

4 PM A JAZZ FREAK SPECIAL. Four hours of jazz, with extensive discussion, with Dwight Freeman (an artist as well---he drew the picture on page 5 of this guide: being him 20 years from now.)

8 PM Thursday Night at the Movies: Chris Campbell.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1

11 AM BLACK CONCERNED WORKERS OF GNEERAL MOTORS. An interview from KDNA with P

Lacey---boy motorcar---and Alphonso Lumpkins, Armand Paulet: speaking on the frustration of the Black Blue Collar Worker. (from 9.30.70)

NOON Baba Ram Das speech, rescheduled from last time, and Father Jacobs says that if we don't play it and get it back to him he'll bring a firebolt from the blue with him next time.

1 PM The 78 Show. John Dahlquist with a program from his own collection on Albert Coates.

9 PM I Can Hear It Now. Edw R Murrows program#3.

11 P X Minus one...old radio drama with J Smith.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2

At 7 am, Bill Wade starts the Saturday Morning Baroque program. Nothing but Baroque. Then at noon, Hugh McAllorum brings an armfull of Scots and Irish and English music, and at 2 (usually) there is some live music. At 3 pm, Al Knoth's Bluegrass program until six, with more live music, and then (if he hasn't been hired away by KSJO) Ric Big Daddy George does rock until midnight, when Chris Campbell brings a truckfull of rock records, until

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3

At 7 AM, and Al Whitaker does Romantic Chamber Music, and mutters his way through those unbelievable ads for Yin-Yang Waterbeds; then at 11, David Freedman who may do classical, or ethnic (today it's two hours of gospel...jump); and then at three in the afternoon, Vern Buck with another new import from Africa, or Japan, or Dahomey. Fr. DeMoss (Jazz Revernd Jazz Reverently) until nine, and Chris with more rock until midnight, and then a crises occurs until

MONDAY, JANUARY 4

7 AM The Monday Morning High, with Pete Blind.

11 A Who Are The Panthers? A documentary with Al Schwartz from Portland---summer 1970 (KB00).

11:30 Aunty Cese Interviews: Dr Trollop. Dr. T. has been doing research at Stanford Research Inst. on the incidence botulism in cuttlefish as a result of the famous Baggie Dumping Incident of

1968. Brought to you by The Dow Chemical Co.
 ("And here now are The Bioundegradable Twins..")
 NOON "We Must Consider How Vain The Beginning
 Has Been..." Portland poet Walt Curtis reading.
 12:30 Let There Be A Doctor of the Environment.
 Dr Willard F Libby (Nobel Prize, 1960) speaking
 in Seattle , Summer of 1970. (from KRAB)
 6 PM The Blues Program --- with Stu Grace.
 9 PM Soul Note: Music and News with the Muslims.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5

11 A Mercury Poisoning. An interview with Allen
 McGowan, of Washington University (KDNA) Then
 11:15 Sex Education discussion --- from KDNA.
 11:45 Africa Times: Simon M'Pondo, from KRAB
 12:30 The National Hairdressers & Cosmetologists
 Convention (from Amer. Legion Festival) KB00.
 1:00P Third World Music Greece. H Spector(KB00)
 9 PM Spanner: A Learning Network. A New Time.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6

11 AM Wm Kunsler: Press Conference at Univ Of Wn,
 followed by KRAB interview---from October 1970.
 NOON The Univ of Oregon Presents Racism: #5(KB00)
 1 PM Nostalgic Syrup. Old Timey music(KRAB)
 7 PM Ric ("Capt Machado") sings and plays.

11



1. 'Way down up - on de Swa er, Far, far a way,
 All up and down de who, ion, Sad ly I roam
 2. All roun' de lit - tle far, red, When I was young
 3. When I was play - ing wi Hap - py was I;
 One lit - tle hut a - me One that I love,
 When will I see de b z All roun' de comb?

Fine.

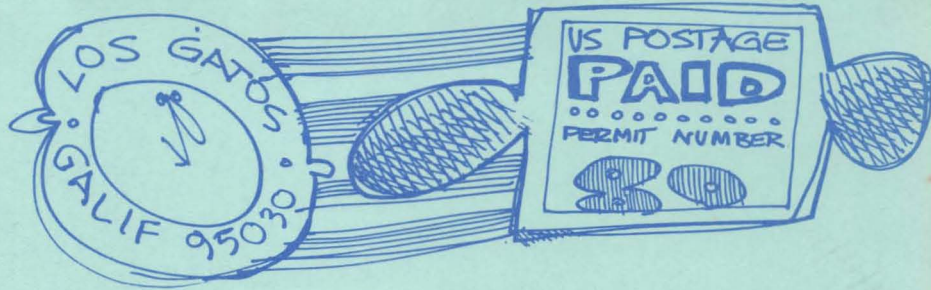
Dere's wha my heart is turn - ber old folks stay. {
 Still long - ing for de old pla A de old folks at home
 Den man - y hap - py days I squa d, Ma de songs I sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mo There let me live and die.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rus No mat - ter where I reve.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum g, Down in my good ol' home?

D.S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.

Pallidus Moss



tempus
fugit.



LEONARD GOOD
THE 1st
LAWYER, IN 1944

